

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

NO. 12.

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THE MOUNTAINEER

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[For the Mountaineer.]

SYMPATHY.

THE maiden stood with all the charm
Of beauty in her soul;
The grace that rested o'er her form,
Shed round its sweet control;
But while I gazed, her falling tears
My deepest feelings stirred;
I said, "Why weepst thou, fair maid?"
She answered not a word.

The scolding drops ran still more fast
O'er cheeks with sorrow flushed;
Her heaving bosom sighed, and more
The fount of sorrow gushed;
I nearer drew—my sweetest tone
With sympathy was fraught,
And, bending, said, "Why weepst thou?"
But still she answered not.

She wrung her hands in poignant grief,
As if her heart would break;
Me thought I might bestow relief,
Would she her sorrows speak;
My soul aroared, I warmly said,
"Why weepst thou?" to her;
At length she spoke—"What's that to you?
Mind your own business, sir!"

G. S. L. City, Oct., 1859. W. G. MILES.

[For the Mountaineer.]

REVENGE.

A TALE OF TEXAS.

"But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relief of a well spent hour?"

"REVENGE! revenge for our murdered comrades! Death to the invaders!" was the battle cry of Jack Halladay (as he was familiarly called), while fighting at the fatal battle, or rather massacre, of the Alamo. He dealt death to many a foe, but all in vain! His comrades, overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy, were slaughtered without mercy. Seeing that all was lost, Jack, with vengeance burning at his heart, darted away.

Then did Texas' daughters mourn for the brave who were slain on that disastrous day. The survivors of the gallant band swore eternal vengeance on the slayers of their brethren. "Remember the Alamo," became their battle cry; and the imploring shriek of the enemy for mercy was answered in startling tones, "Remember the Alamo!"

Jack was wounded; but he was many miles off before he discovered it. In the hurry of the flight he had no time to think of hurts; but now, when cooled down, the wound became painful. Hurrying on as fast as his crippled state would admit, he sought for shelter and refreshment. At length, when nearly overcome, and ready to sink to the ground with fatigue and exhaustion, he saw through an opening of the forest a neat little cottage. He hurried towards it. He arrived at the door, his mind and thoughts in amaze; he strove to raise the latch; his head became dizzy, his brain whirled, and he remembered no more.

When he returned to consciousness, he was in a bed in a strange room. The fragrance of flowers floated in the half-open window, the melody of birds enlivened the air without. All this he saw, felt, and heard. Where was he? That was what puzzled him. How to account for his being there, he knew not; gradually he remembered past events, faint, dim and shadowy as a dream. He remembered the Alamo, his flight, escape, finally his falling senseless at the door of a cottage—all else was blank.

The rustling of a dress was heard, and Jack, turning his eyes quickly in

that direction, saw an apparition, which he for years afterwards remembered. It was a young girl, sylph-like and graceful; her features regular and of Grecian mould, and her complexion pure and clear as an angel's, with color enough to impart a rose-like hue, and rendered still more beautiful by her glossy black hair. The grace of every movement and gesture completely fascinated and captured the heart of our hero, and he could have gazed forever, and never tired, at her almost supernatural beauty.

She entered the room unconscious of the interest she created in him, and totally unaware of the eyes fixed on her; and Jack, having raised himself upon his elbow at her entrance, remained so with his eyes fixed upon her as though he was afraid it was a vision, and would vanish. Suddenly her eyes were raised and encountered his, when a flush, beautiful as a new blown rose, suffused her face and neck.

"Maiden," said Jack at last, breaking the spell upon him, and finding utterance; "can you tell me where I am, and how I came here?"

"You are, I believe, with friends: as to how you came here, I know not. We found you wounded and senseless at the door, apparently dying; but, thank God, you are recovering."

"How long have I been here?"

"Three days; we found you on Sunday evening, and it's now Wednesday."

"Have I been senseless all that time?"

"You have."

"I know not how to express my thanks; but, should you ever need the services of a friend, Jack Halladay will ever be ready to assist you."

"Thanks are unnecessary, we have done no more than our duty."

"Duty or not, I am none the less grateful!"

"Really, sir," said she naively, "I must carry out my instructions, and they are, not to allow you to converse till you become sensible; so if you are grateful, show it by being silent."

A month passed over, and the invalid was again strong and hardy. On the morning he was to leave the cottage, to mingle once more in the scenes of a soldier's life. Of what a pang it cost him. In one month he had learned to love the gentle Isabella. As yet his love had been unspoken, unless the glances of his dark eyes, and the admiration his very acts declared, showed it to his companion. Speak it, he dared not, as she seemed to him to be of a higher order of beings.

Night came, beautiful and serene, but with it came no joy for Jack. His heart was oppressed with the thought of to-morrow. He was then to go forth in the defence of his country. Perhaps, for the last time he sat and conversed with his kind friends, to whom he owed his life. He could scarcely keep the tears from running down his cheeks. There was another too, who felt oppressed; but, with the delicacy of her sex, she strove to appear unconcerned. In the short time they had been together, these two kindred hearts had learned to love; yet with the dullness, for which lovers are proverbial, neither perceived the preference of the other.

The household had gone to rest—all but the stranger. Filled with melancholy reflections, Jack was in no humor for sleep; and, in order to pass the dull, yet fleeting hours, he took a stroll through the garden, and entered the edge of the neighboring forest. Suddenly he heard the sound of voices, evidently in earnest conversation. At the time of which we write, men dwelt in constant dread of the enemy, and every circumstance, however trivial, was deemed suspicious. Moving cautiously forward, our hero secured a position where he could hear without being heard.

"Hurrah for our gallant Colonel! Hurrah for the brave Lincoln!" cried the Texans in tones which rang in pride.

"Col. Lincoln," said Mrs. Vernon, in tones of surprise, to our hero; "which is he?"

"Madam," said Jack with pride, "when you succored me in my distress, I was a stranger; now Col. Lincoln thanks you."

"Do you consider the life and soul of the whole Texian army, Col. Lincoln, worthy his presence?"

"I do; but how do you know that he is there?"

"How do I know?—a pretty question truly; do you suppose I will forgo my vengeance? never! you do not know me, if you do. I swore vengeance upon her, when she dismissed me. I will keep my promise."

"The Colonel has nothing to do with that!"

"I tell you he has: he has only been there a month, and yet she loves him. To think that I who loved her for years, I who would have been willing to shed my blood in her cause, should be dismissed; while he, who has known her but one short month, should be loved,—the thought is maddening; I WILL BE REVENGED, terribly REVENGED on her. I will show her what it is to spurn a loving heart, disappoint the hopes of years, and disturb the current of a lifetime."

Jack had heard enough; that danger threatened his generous hostess and her lovely daughter, he felt certain; and his was not a nature to see injustice done his countrymen without a struggle. One o'clock—he still had time to aid them. Carefully and noiselessly he retraced his steps; and, when beyond hearing, he hurried towards the stable, saddling a horse that was there, and in less than ten minutes he was speeding away as fast as horse could carry him.

An hour elapsed, and then another, and still he had not returned. Surely he had not proved recreant, and left the beautiful Isabella to the tender mercies of the vindictive and exasperated lover! No, surely he would not prove so base. Half-past twelve—suddenly the cautious tread of feet was heard approaching. Were they friends, or foes? The moon, which had been obscured by the clouds, suddenly illumined the scene for a moment, and again disappeared, leaving still more gloom than before. But by that light was seen the stranger, followed closely by twenty stalwart and daring riflemen. They entered the cottage, and all was again still.

When Jack entered, he sought the room of the mother, and quickly informed her of the coming danger, and the measures he had taken to thwart the evil purposes of the enemy. He left her to break the news as best she might to her daughter, and hurried back to his comrades to direct them how to prepare for the attack. All was prepared, and they awaited in silence for the enemy.

One o'clock came, and dark forms might be seen leaving the gloom of the forest, and advancing towards the cottage. It was surrounded; a loud knock at the door resounded through the house. A loud and authoritative voice ordered the inmates to open. No answer was returned. The same voice was again heard ordering the troop without to force the door; the crash of the splintered door was the response, as they crowded in, confident of a bloodless victory. Suddenly, from out the darkness, a dozen iron tubes belched forth their murderous contents, and the startling battle-cry, "Remember the Alamo," echoed through the stillness of the night air, with thrilling effect. The assailants, affrighted at the repeated discharge, confused by the unexpected resistance, and the fall of their comrades, had not time to form before the Texans were upon them.

"Death to the invaders," and "Remember the Alamo," cheered the hearts and nerved the arms of the Texans, and carried despair and confusion to the Mexicans. One by one, two by two they fell before the arm of freedom's soldiers. They were sacrificed to appease the manes of those that were slaughtered at the Alamo. At length the survivors retreated in wild melee for their very lives.

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"Col. Lincoln," murmured Isabella; "then my dream of bliss is over."

"Yes, madam," continued Jack, "in me you behold Col. Lincoln, and you would still more enhance my happiness and gratitude, would you give me leave to call this sweet girl mine."

As Lincoln spoke he moved to the side of Isabella, and took her willing, yet trembling hand.

"Isabella, is this your wish?" said Mrs. Vernon.

"It is."

"Then take her, Colonel, and may heaven bless your union, as I do."

"Hurrah for our Colonel and his pretty bride," rang in stentorian cheers from the gallant riflemen.

Lincoln returned to the army, and took a noble and prominent part in the liberation of his country from the inhuman oppression and bondage of Mexico. When the struggle was over, and she took her place among her sister States, he returned to his home, and made the pretty Isabella his wife. Then he was happy, and if sometimes he thought of the Alamo, he blessed the hour he was wounded and found his way to the rural cot, where first he saw his beautiful bride.

One more scene, and we are done. The villain who led the party of foes to the cottage, to accomplish his revenge on a defenceless woman, escaped the disasters of that night, and fled to the camp of the enemy. There, in consequence of the defeat, he was looked upon as a spy, who had lured the party to their destruction, and as such he was court-martialed; the sentence was death, and he was executed accordingly.

ORION.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

If a man faints away, instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on his back on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is a barbarity, and soils the clothing unnecessarily. The philosophy of a fainting-fit is, the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain, if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill, but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally—which requires less power, is apparent.

If a person swallows poison, deliberately or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous and incoherent exclamations, dispatch some one for a doctor; meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open, then down with the mixture, and in a second or two up will come the poison. This will answer in a larger number of cases than any other. If by this time, the physician has not arrived, make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a strong cup of coffee (because these nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles,) an antidote for any poison that may remain in the stomach.

If a limb or any other part of the body is severely cut and the blood comes out by spurts or jerks, "per saltum," as doctors say, be in a hurry, or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician, say nothing, out with your handkerchief, throw it around the limb, then twist it around, tighter and tighter, until the blood ceases to flow. But stop, it does no good. Why? Because only a severed artery throws blood out in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence, to stop the flow the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words above the wound. If a vein has been severed, the blood would have flown in a regular stream, and on the other hand the tie should be applied below the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the

heart, because the blood in the veins flows toward the heart, and there is no need of such great hurry.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

THE EDUCATION MOST NEEDED—LEARN TO LABOR.

THE question is often asked, why is it that so few people are successful in business, and why property finds such an unequal distribution? This man, they say, received the advantages of a good English education, and that man was educated at one of our best colleges. Both have been industrious, honest, and economical; and yet neither of them has been successful in business. Why is it? asks the New York Express; and that journal proceeds to point out the cause, and, in the course of its remarks, observes:

"The idea too commonly prevails that a mere knowledge of books is the beginning and ending of education. The sons and daughters, especially of the rich, grow up with this notion in their heads, in idleness, as it were, with little idea of the responsibilities which await them. Their natures revolt at the mention of 'labor,' not dreaming that their parents before them obtained the wealth they are so proud of by industry and economy. How many young men, college-bred though they may be, are prepared to manage the estates which their fathers possess, and which it may have required a lifetime to acquire? How many young women, though having acquired all the knowledge and graces of the best schools, know how to do what their mothers have done before them, and which the daughters may yet be compelled to do at some period of their lives? The children of the poor have to labor or starve, and as far as that goes they are educated to be practical."

"The education that scoffs at labor and encourages idleness is the worst enemy for a girl, man, or woman. Instead of ennobling, it degrades; it opens up the road to ruin. The education which directs us to do what we are fitted to do, that respects labor, that inculcates industry, honesty, and fair dealing, and that strips us of selfishness, is the education we do need, and that which must become the prevailing system of the country, before we can be as a people either happy or prosperous."

RECIPES.

ALLEGED CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Just before the chill comes on, have a pot of very strong coffee made, and keep it hot, and when the first chill is felt, pour out about a pint and squeeze the juice of a couple of lemons into it, and a little sugar to make it palatable, drink it off, go to bed and cover up warm. One trial of this often cures, whilst two or three trials never fail.

HOW TO EXAMINE A WELL.—Place a common mirror over the well in such a position as to catch and throw the rays of the sun to the bottom of the well, which will be immediately illumined in such a manner that the smallest pebbles, &c., at the bottom, can be distinctly discerned as if in the hand. The sun is in the best situation to be reflected in the morning or afternoon.

PROVERBS AND OLD SAYINGS.

CHARITY begin at home, but does not end there.

A light-heeled mother makes a heavy-heeled daughter.

Better ride on an ass that carries me, than a horse that throws me.

Children suck the mother when they are young, and the father when they are old.

Confession of a fault, makes half amends for it.

Deep rivers move with silent majesty, shallow brooks are noisy.

Happy is he whose friends were born before him.

Courtesy on one side never lasts long. He may well be content who needs neither borrow nor flatter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS.—The Agricultural Society which held its fair at Dundee, Michigan, in October, offered a premium of \$5 to the young lady "who will pare a peck of potatoes in the shortest time, and do it the best."

No one, among all the aspirants for the occupancy of the White House, is putting forth such Herculean efforts, or canvassing so extensively, both North and South, as Senator Douglas. He is traveling day and night, making speeches, writing letters, &c., all with "eye to the main chance," viz: the nomination at Charleston. [Exchange.]

Roberts' Mammoth Illustrated Paper is printed on sheets of paper measuring seventy by one hundred inches.

Signor Costa is understood to be engaged in composing a new oratorio; the text, as before, is by Mr. Bartholomew.

A DANGEROUS CAT.—The New Bedford Mercury says that a day or two since a child asleep in its cradle in that city, in the absence of its mother, was almost deprived of its life by a cat which was found with her claws fastened to the dress of the child, drawing its breath, and it was with great difficulty that the stealthy creature was withdrawn.

PHENOMENON ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—A caving in of the earth at La Black, La., on the Mississippi river, took place recently, 180 feet wide and 700 feet long, carrying with it the house of a widow and an oak tree 75 feet high. Two springs were found issuing from the gulf left.

The expense of running the caloric engine used in printing the Cincinnati Penny Press has been for six months but \$15, while that of steam, with the necessary help for the same time, would have cost upwards of \$100.

POISONOUS VINEGAR.—Chemical examinations, it is said, go to show that most of the vinegar made in New York is adulterated with sugar of lead, vitriolic acid, and other poisonous metals and minerals.

FANATICISM.—An American lady is living in Jerusalem under the impression that she is one of the two witnesses spoken of in Revelations who is to suffer death in the streets of Jerusalem. This is her fourth visit to the "Holy City," which she styles "Solomon in Egypt."

The Newark (N. J.) Mercury says that Mr. Fisher, of Patterson, has constructed a steam carriage, which was tried on the common road to Acquackonock, a few days ago, when it went on the level, fifteen miles an hour with twelve passengers.

A son of Cassius M. Clay, while gunning recently, was bitten on the foot by some poisonous reptile, supposed to be a rattlesnake, and his body immediately exhibited all the symptoms of the most virulent poisoning; but he was doctored until stupified with opium brandy, and the next morning was as well as ever. So confident was Mr. Clay of the efficacy of alcoholic spirits in all cases of poison by the bites of snakes and insects, that he did not even send for a physician. Saleratus was bound upon the bitten spot, until ammonia could be produced, when the former was moistened with it. This was upon the theory that poison is an acid, and only alkali will answer, though ammonia is thought to be the best.

GREELY'S OLD HAT.—All the world has heard of Horace Greeley's old hat, the everlasting companion of "the old white coat" and the "blue cotton umbrella." There is a tradition that Greeley does not change his garments, but there is reason to believe this to be a mistake. We actually saw him, some years since, wearing a sleek new black hat and coat to correspond. But a great portion of the "populace" have not been enlightened to this extent. They think the same old hat and coat adorn the person of the white-coated philosopher forever and ever. A gentleman, direct from Denver City, informs us that intense surprise was manifested among the miners in that region, upon finding in Mr. Greeley's cabin, after he had set forth to meet his friend Brigham at Salt Lake, a dingy, weather-beaten, caved-in old hat, which had seen severe service over the flaxen hairs of Horace. It immediately became a curiosity, a relic of rare value. It was the great original "Greeley's old hat." The keeper of the nearest bar, the one from which Horace made a speech against intemperance, procured the article, and hung it up over the shelf holding his decanters, and, terrible to relate, at latest advice, every man who takes a drink at that establishment is obliged to put on the hat and walk around the room, before he is allowed to have his bittern, which must be taken while the drinker stands under the venerable tie. The relic had also figured on a pole at an Indian war dance, the imaginative aborigines presuming they had the scalp or something equivalent to it, of the Great Chief of the New York Tribune. The bar where the precious relic of departed greatness is preserved to preside over the "drinks" is known as "Greeley's Hat." To what base uses, &c. Why may we not find the dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole, or Imperial Caesar in his last analysis chinking a cabin?—[Cincinnati Commercial.]